

# DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

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# DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

AND

## OTHER CHILD VERSE

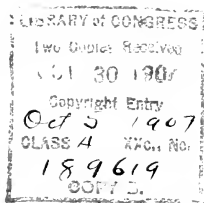
BY

LA FAYETTE LENTZ BUTLER

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LA FAYETTE LENTZ BUTLER

TO HIS DADDY

*are these verses affectionately  
dedicated*

*by*

*one who never was his little girl*



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## DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL.

Daddy's little girl am I  
I don't know just the reason why,  
We roam together hand in hand  
E'en to the wondrous Story-land;  
He often holds me on his knee  
And tells of folks I'd love to see,  
Red Riding Hood, and old Sinbad  
And all the troubles that he had,  
Likewise of many fairies fair  
And sprites who flit about the air;  
Then, too, about some warriors bold—  
I wish I knew all he has told.  
Sometimes we take a pretty walk  
And listen to the birdies talk,  
I do not know a word they say—  
But Dad, he tells me right away  
For he can quickly understand  
The language of the Birdie-Land.  
Again we often take a look  
Across the highest mountain's nook,  
And see the bears drink from a cup  
When both our eyes are sharpened up,  
Really, this I've never seen  
But Dad has—for he's tall and lean,  
Yet I pretend I see them, too  
Of course, I cannot, really true.  
I don't know just the reason why  
But Daddy's little girl am I.

IN OUR GARDEN.

It's so nice in our garden  
Where many a flower grows,  
The little white-dressed lilies,  
The pretty red-faced rose.

The smiling gay-clad tulips,  
The slender tall sweet-peas,  
It's so nice in our garden,  
But it's lovely in our trees.

For there I climb when hiding  
From witches, whom, they say  
Look out for little girlies  
To take them far away.

I'm not so frightened at them  
Although, perhaps, they roam,  
I really climb to wait and watch  
My Daddy coming home.

RAINY SUNDAYS.

When we have rainy Sundays  
And one can't go outdoors,  
Dad and I, to the nursery  
Steal off, to play of course.

And, while the pitter-patter  
Without, keeps making noise,  
We get out dolls and paper-books  
And lots of pretty toys.

We think it's awful naughty  
To play on such a day,  
But still we both enjoy it  
And laugh the rain away.

Sometimes my mama scolds Dad  
For teaching me such ways,  
But Dad and I, we like them—  
Those rainy Sunday days.

AT NIGHT-TIME.

I like it when the night comes  
For that's the time, you know,  
When Dad and I, together,  
Up to my beddie go.

And after I have crept in  
And said my little prayer,  
Dear Dad sits down beside me  
And tells tales, wondrous, fair ;

Of fairies and hobgoblins,  
And nymphs that dwell in trees,  
And good and kind young princes,  
Or sailors on the seas,

Then I play we are sailing,  
And oh—how nice it seems  
As we speed on so quickly  
To that fair land of Dreams.

But when the golden sunglow  
Peeps through the window-pane,  
My old ship has sailed backward  
To my little room again.

QUERY.

Dear Daddy, do you really think  
 A man's up in the moon,  
 Who, just like you, can eat and drink  
 And sing a jolly tune?  
 And do you think there's only one  
 Within that moon so fair;  
 If so, I guess he has no fun  
 And must be lonely there.

Perhaps he has a little girl  
 About as big as me,  
 And, perhaps, he likes to pull her curl  
 As you do mine—you see,  
 I wonder if she's very good  
 And loves her Daddy, too,  
 I'm sure though that she never could  
 Love him as I love you.

Although it may be bright and gay  
 Up there among the stars,  
 I think I'd rather live and play  
 Within this world of ours;  
 Unless that little girl I'd be  
 To watch the starry view,  
 And the old man, of course, you see,  
 Dear Daddy, would be you.

MY POLLY DOLLY.

I've got a little dolly  
    With the cutest sort of head,  
I long since named her Polly,  
    She goes with me to bed.

She's not like Jimmy brother  
    For though she has a voice,  
And speaks to me, her mother,  
    At night she makes no noise.

For when I hear Jim crying,  
    I'm 'fraid he'll wake her—oh—  
Yet spite her hardest trying,  
    She says but "Yes" and "No."

## THE FAIRIES.

Dad says that fairies often fly  
About both night and day,  
Not only in the starry sky,  
But near me, when I play,  
And gently whisper in my ear  
Words oftentimes I cannot hear.

They have transparent, silver wings,  
And listen all the while  
To each girl as she talks and sings ;  
And they quite gladly smile  
When girls are good ; but when they're bad  
The fairies go away so sad.

And if you're very, very good  
They kiss and call you dear,  
But if you don't do as you should  
They sometimes shed a tear,  
I've never seen them, but I'll try  
And do what's good, and keep them by.

WHEN JIMMY CAME.

When Jimmy came to our house  
So many years ago,  
He was a tiny, tiny boy  
Who didn't even know  
I was his sister, couldn't talk,  
Nor even play, and much less walk.

When first he came to our house,  
My little Jimmie brother,  
Whenever I would start to sing,  
"Hush, hush," would say my mother  
    "He's fast asleep, and, dear, such noise  
    Is not good for such tiny boys."

Since Jimmie came to our house  
He's grown big and tall,  
It seems as though he never were  
A baby boy at all;  
And now he's three, and speaks my name  
Like I do—oh—I'm glad he came.

WHEN MOTHER PLAYS.

I like our big piano  
When mother sits and plays,  
On early twilight evenings,  
Or bright and sunny days.

I like it best in Winter  
So dark and snowy-wild,  
When Dad sits by the fireplace  
With me and Jimmy-child.

As mother then starts playing  
In accents soft and low,  
We cuddle up to Daddy  
And watch the embers glow.

And he tells glowing stories  
Of Knights in olden days,  
Oh, but I love *such* evenings  
When mother sits and plays.

BY THE COOL-SPRING.\*

When Daddy, Jimmy-boy and I  
Go walking on the hilly side,  
Up to the rocks so very high,  
Where laughing, babbling waters glide  
We listen to the songs they sing,  
As they approach a cooling spring.

They tinkle with the merriest sound  
As they wash o'er the mossy green,  
And murmur as they lightly bound  
And splash upon the rocks between,  
They sing a lullaby to birds  
Who dip and drink,—in sweetest words.

They whisper melodies to trees  
Who guard them as they plashing flow,  
And sing, just like the busy bees  
Who mongst our honeyed flowers go,  
They beat on pebbles for their drum  
Which gives the queerest little hum.

\* The cool-spring is a provincial term meaning the dam below the spring itself, where the water is caught.

Oh, but 'tis sweet to sit and hear  
Those gentle merry songs they sing,  
That please the timid birdie's ear  
The trees, the flowers, everything.  
I dare not tell of what's their song  
If you would know—why come along  
When next dear Dad and Jim and I  
Go up to hear their lullaby.

GRANDMA.

I've such a nice dear grandma  
Whose little girl I am,  
Of course, I'm also Daddy's,  
But we call her—our "gram."

She loves to knit me slippers  
To wear upon my feet,  
When I must play withindoors,  
Now, don't you think that's sweet?

Her hair is gray and silver  
But pretty as can be,  
I hope that when I'm her age  
I'll be as nice as she.

AN OCTOBER REMINISCENCE.

While with a good kind teacher  
I have been greatly blest,  
I liked in those evenings,  
When Daddy taught me, best.

For then he brought forth chestnuts  
For me to count and add,  
And, if I did the sum right,  
The chestnuts, all, I had.

But, oh! in the subtraction  
I took away too many,  
And when I came for my share  
I found I hadn't any.

So now I'm very careful  
And take away with care,  
Lest, when I do these problems,  
I do not get my share.

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

I can hardly wait till Christmas  
To see our pretty tree,  
Trimmed with balls and tinsel  
And pretty gifts for me.

For when into my beddie  
The night before I creep,  
Hard as I try, no matter,  
I cannot get to sleep.

I don't want to scare Santa  
When chimney-down he comes,  
With dolls, for me, with dresses ;  
For Jimmy—little drums.

Yet I'm 'fraid in his coming  
He might get burned quite bad,  
For flames glow in our fireplace ;  
And although I told Dad

He laughed and said he's fireproof  
This dear old Santa good,  
And that I shouldn't worry,  
But sleep soon as I could.

And so at length I'm sleepy,  
But early in the morn,  
I'm up to see my stocking  
And blow my new-found horn.

And march around the table  
Then see the tree, and play,  
I only wish that Christmas  
Came every other day.

WADING.

I love within the summer-time  
To seek a shady nook  
And take my shoes and stockings off  
And wade into the brook,

The water rolls about my feet  
I feel it coldly run,  
I kick and splash, and I am sure  
I never had such fun.

It's lots of sport when barefoot  
With shoes and stockings gone,  
I only do not like it when  
It's time to put them on.

COMPANY.

Whenever we have company  
I sit up tall and prim,  
And keep as still as can be  
While watching brother Jim.

I eat what's set before me  
And drink the water slow,  
And look out for the table-cloth  
And not spill things below.

Nor must I feed our doggie,  
As Dad does on the sly,  
I don't know why I daren't  
For he must eat or die.

I must eat dessert slowly  
And not ask any more,  
And only speak when spoken to,  
Not say a word before.

Then fold my napkin nicely  
And wait till all are done,  
It's nice when we have company,  
But nicer when there's none.

SPRING AND STARS.

When comes the gentle Spring-time  
With velvet-dripping rain,  
And little green buds on our trees,  
The birds come back again.

They build up in the tree-boughs,  
So high, I'm scared lest they  
Might fall sometime from their nests  
To where I like to play.

I wish I, too, with wings could fly  
Like they do near and far,  
If I but could, I'd go and see  
Each dainty little star.

But as it is, I cannot,  
And so content must be  
To sit with Dad on our porch,  
And let them peep at me.

THE SWEET PEAS.

Out in our sunny garden  
Grow dainty, shy sweet-peas,  
Who wear the quaintest dresses  
Which Dad calls Japanese.

But when I looked them over  
I changed my mind, I guess,  
For each one on that morning  
Wore a kimono-dress.

SUNDAY EVENINGS.

On Sunday nights I like it  
When Dad and I both steal  
Out to our dear old kitchen  
To have a pick-up meal.

And when we thus go out there  
We sit no special place,  
We don't wear any napkins,  
We even don't have grace.

But eat our little pudding  
And milk and cake as well,  
Then comes the very best thing—  
The stories Dad can tell.

COASTING.

When Winter comes, o'er by the barn  
I take my little sled,  
And coast down through the drifts of snow  
Till both my cheeks are red.

I dash by Daddy's office, where  
He likes to work all day,  
Except the times when he steals out  
To join me in my play.

And then he pulls me on my sled  
With lots of strength and force,  
Oh, he's so strong; he really makes  
The finest kind of horse.

MAKING A PATH.

When wild north winds rattle our shutters,  
And cold frosts our big windowpane,  
When snow whitens up all our maples,  
And swirls round again and again,  
I like to go out with my shovel  
And dig a big path in the white  
From the porch to the gate, so that Daddy  
Will be able to get in all right.

For oh, it would simply be awful  
If he should get lost on the way,  
'Twixt the gate and our big open fireplace,  
Out there where the tall maples sway.  
And oh! how lonesome at evening  
If he couldn't kiss me as he had,  
So, you see, that's why I must shovel  
A path in the snow for my Dad.



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